Chapter 182: The Black Heart Hunters

In the shadows of the black market, a dangerous rumor began to spread like wildfire. Whispers of an extraordinary and mythical organ—the second heart, a black heart—became the object of desire for the greedy and the foolish. The Temples of Shadows and Life, ancient monasteries that housed monks of unimaginable power, were said to harbor these monks who possessed hearts unlike any other. These monks were rumored to have ascended beyond mortal limitations, their bodies possessing a second heart—an organ that pulsed with the essence of shadow and life.

The monks at Level 100 were already formidable, equivalent to SSS-Rank hunters, but there was a rumor that some monks had ascended far beyond, reaching the daunting Level 300. At this level, their power surpassed even that of S^{9}-Rank hunters, and they were said to possess an even more powerful black heart—a mysterious, nearly invincible organ that could grant unimaginable power to those who could claim it.

For some, this was nothing more than a fairy tale, but for others, the allure of such power was irresistible. Driven by greed and ambition, a group of rich, foolish men—the so-called black heart hunters—decided they would stop at nothing to obtain one of these coveted hearts. They believed that, with enough resources, they could acquire the heart of a monk and gain the immense power it promised. They would stop at nothing, even if it meant capturing or slaying these monks, whose lives they had no respect for.

Little did they know, however, that the monks they sought were not only well beyond their comprehension but were also fiercely protected. These monks, with their Level 300 power, were not without their guardians. Surrounding every monk was a near-constant presence of centillions of shadows—an army of shadow soldiers, each one far more powerful than any ordinary human or hunter. These guardians were an unstoppable force, each shadow soldier varying in rank from S^{9}-Rank to S^{99}-Rank hunters.

The monks and their guardians watched over the world 24/7, vigilant and unyielding. They were never caught off guard, their power bolstered by the near-limitless shadows that served them. The hunters, though they outnumbered the monks, were grossly outmatched by the sheer might of these shadow guardians. They were nothing more than foolish prey, unaware of the vast network of surveillance and defense that surrounded them.

As the hunters set out across the globe, convinced they could take what they wanted, they were quickly overwhelmed. One by one, their efforts were crushed under the weight of the shadow army, whose reach was far greater than any they had imagined. No matter how many they were, or how much wealth they poured into their mission, they stood no chance against the monks and their centillions of watchers.

The hunters' attempt to acquire the black heart only served to cement their own doom. They were left with no more than the bitter realization that they had underestimated the monks, their powers, and the guardians who protected them. Their ambition would be their downfall, as they fell to the shadows they had dared to disturb.